THE

CRISIS.

NUMBER XXXVI. *To be continued Weekly.*

SATURDAY, *September* 23, 1775. [*Price* Two Pence Half-penny.

The *beſt of Kings* deſtroys us like a Flood,
Each Morning waſhes in freſh Streams of BLOOD;
Like PIOUS *Nero* mounted on a THRONE,
Thinks he's a GOD, and all Mankind his OWN.

An Ideal SCETCH of a FOOLISH KING.

——Let the ſtricken Deer go weep.——

SHAKESPEARE.

To the KING.

SIR,

LORD Bolingbroke has drawn a maſterly Picture of a *wiſe King* in Idea, never perhaps, to be realized in any Nation. As the contrary Character often has appeared, and may again, it ſeems a much eaſier Taſk to ſketch out the Portrait of a *fooliſh King*. I will attempt to delineate this *Phantom*; but Woe be to the Kingdom it infeſts! —Indulging, Sir, my Imagination as an ideal Limner, I ſhould repreſent

repreſent ſuch a "*King of Shreds and Patches*" at the Head of a limited Monarchy, totally ignorant of the Conſtitution, fond of Government, but a Stranger to the Means. Trained in his Childhood to Hypocriſy, an early and habitual Practice would make him conſummate in the Art. He would be told, no doubt, (as you have been) by his Preceptors, that the Operations of this Vice, in the Day of Affliction, may be of ſovereign Uſe; but it can be of Uſe only to a *weak*, a *wicked*, and *deſigning Prince*. It may, indeed, at a deſperate Juncture, (like the preſent) ſupply its narrow-minded Maſter's Purpoſe; but Artifice is the meaneſt Tool of the meaneſt Politician; and Hypocriſy (which you glory in, and daily practice) the meaneſt of all Artifices. Its inward Workings, when its Profeſſor is a Genius, may, at a dead Lift, fill the Eyes of diſtreſſed Majeſty with Tears.

Tears, well timed, and flowing from a Prince, are, perhaps, the happieſt, and moſt powerful, of all Reſources, to ſubdue, at once, the ſtubborn Virtue of the firmeſt Patriot. But, Sir, ſuch dramatic Stratagems, which you have too often made uſe of, are beneath a King. He muſt be a *Machiavel*, indeed in practical Hypocriſy, who can thus baſely toil to ſeduce the faireſt Virtue, and yet be capable, the next inſtant, of boaſting (as you once did) with a ſmiling Sneer, * of the Conqueſt his infamous Duplicity had made. A Conqueſt which might perhaps, be followed by Remorſe, Deſpair, and Suicide. Such a Prince, acting under ſuch a Maſk, would be, as the diſſembling Richard ſays, "*Himſelf alone.*"

For the Honour of Mankind, it is to be hoped, that his equal never did, and yours never will, exiſt.—Such a Prince might be a *Native* of his Kingdom, but he would be an *Alien in Sentiment*. By the mere Accident of Birth, he might, probably, gain the Love of a generous People, without Merit or Attention; (as you have done) but, by his untoward Caſt of Mind, he would loſe it again, without Regret. A Want of Senſibility, joined to a natural Perverſeneſs, but poorly marks the Father of

* *Kill the next Piercy yourſelf, my Lord, ſaid your Majeſty to the Duke of Grafton, ſoon after the Victory obtained over the late Mr. York.*

a Country.

a Country. Unacquainted with the Character, the Genius, the true Interests of his People, he would view them, Sir, through the falſe Medium which Miniſters and Favourites (under the inſolent and inſidious Name of the King's Friends) hold out to his Majeſty. Thus he would, aſſuredly, become the moſt unpopular Man in his Kingdom except his prime Favourite. To this Minion's Tutelage, joined, perhaps, to that of a proud, vain, imperious, Mother, he might owe his Weakneſs, his ignorance, his Misfortunes, and, at laſt, his Ruin. Deſpiſed by his People for his Folly, he would hate them for their diſcernment. Conſcious that he had loſt all Popularity, he would affect to ſcorn it, without reflecting, that the Contempt of a limited Monarch for the Affections of his People, muſt be the firſt and ſureſt Step to his Deſtruction. Educated Sir, as you have been, like a *Stuart*, in deſpotic Notions, he would think (if he thought at all) and act accordingly. His very Vices would be idolized by his Flatterers, and dignified with the Name of Virtues. In the Language of *Court Flies*, Hypocriſy would be Policy; Kneeling would be Piety and Religion. Even a daring Attempt in the moſt diſtant Parts of his Empire (by Way of Prelude) to ſubvert the eſtabliſhed Religion of his Country, *which he had ſworn at the Altar to maintain*, would paſs, among theſe fawning Seducers of Majeſty, for a ſplendid Inſtance of Moderation, and a tolerating Chriſtian Spirit. The moſt bloody Acts of TYRANNY would be applauded, and encouraged by Addreſſes from a few mean, baſe, ignorant, ſlaviſh, bankrupt Merchants, and worthleſs Wretches, in the Towns of *Manchester*, *Lancaſter*, *Leiceſter*, and *Liverpool*. Partiality, Injuſtice, Slavery, and Death, and a manifeſt Neglect and Violation of the Laws, would uſurp the Name of Mercy.

I can eaſily ſuppoſe ſuch a King guilty of the greateſt Breach of Juſtice, Truſt, and Duty, by pardoning wilful and wanton Murderers, miniſterial Aſſaſſins, Sodomites, &c. &c. He would be merciful, at one Time, to oblige a Favourite, or a Whore, and, at another, merely (like a Baby) to ſhew his Power, not from any juſt, humane, or ſolid Reaſon, which, alone, can juſtify the Exertion of that amiable and God-like Part of the Prerogative. Let ſuch Kings know, and you ſhould know, that Mercy ſhewn to the greateſt Peſts of Society, is Cruelty to the Kingdom.

Nor

Nor is this the only Error which ſervile Adulation would countenance in *ſuch* a Government, or Nick-name in *ſuch* a Court. Meanneſs there, even in Point of Royal Hoſpitality, would paſs for Œconomy. Abſtemiouſneſs, practiſed, not rationally, or philoſophically, but timidly, merely to prolong an uſeleſs, invaluable, and deteſted Life, would be honoured with the Name of Temperance. An unrelenting, implacable, and Female Spirit of Reſentment, (infinitely beneath a Prince towards his Subject) would be extolled as an Inſtance of Fortitude, Magnitude, and Reſolution. But if a *Martyn*, a *Dun*, or a *Talbot*, could be procured to diſpatch the Object of his Hatred, his fawning Courtiers would applaud the murderous Principle, and procure a *Johnſon* to record it in all the Bombaſt of *Scottiſh* Pedantry, as an Atchievement worthy of an *Alexander*, a *Cæſar*, or a *George*.——From a puerile Fondneſs for military Exhibition and Parade, this Royal Baby would be celebrated for the Love of Arms. In ſhort, theſe Court Magicians would give to every Vice of their deluded tyrannic Maſter, the Semblance of Virtue. Perpetual Flattery wou d teach him to look upon himſelf as a *Proprietor*, not as a *Father* of his People. From this Notion, a ſullen, gloomy Pride (except in the varniſhed Moments of Hypocriſy) would over-caſt his Countenance, and diffuſe, not a placid Dignity, but an illiberal, haughty, and forbidding Air, over his whole Deportment. Far from being affable and gracious, he would ſeem to overlook his Subjects, as Beings of an inferior Species. Should Cuſtom ever force him to take ſome Notice of them, he would do it, like you, Sir, with all the empty Elevation of a Baſhaw, who ſenſeleſsly rates his Dignity according to the Number of his Tails; he would do it, not only with a ſupercilious Air of Self-diſtinction, but with manifeſt Reluctance and Contempt. The leaſt Inclination of the Head to the Authors and Supporters of his Royal Pride, would be thought a moſt degrading Condeſcenſion.

In theſe Points of liberal Decency and Regard, he would be governed, not by parental Feelings, but, probably, like you, by a Scotch Preceptor, and French Dancing-maſter.

Inſtead of viewing his People with the eaſy Complacence of an affectionate Parent, he would ſcowl upon them with the haughty and contemptuous Brow of a diſdainful Tyrant.

With

With him, as with you (ever mindful of the Principles he had imbibed from his virtuous Tutors), his Subjects would paſs for Slaves and not for Children.

He had, long ago, perhaps, been taught that his narrow and wicked Purpoſes could be only anſwered by the Repreſentives, and not by the collective Body of his People. Thoſe falſe Guardians of the public Safety he would firſt corrupt, and then adore. To them he would baſely offer up all the ſervile, and inſidious incenſe of Hypocriſy, ſure that it would be wafted back again to the Throne in the ſhape of dutiful Addreſſes, and bountiful Supplies.

He had, perhaps, been taught to miſtake thoſe Addreſſes for the real Senſe of his People, and thoſe Supplies for the Sinews of his Government; duped by the Treachery of perfidious Tutors, wicked Miniſters, and his own Paſſions, he would diſtruſt the plain Evidence of his Eyes and Ears. He would be weak enough to aſk how it happens that the general Voice drowns that of Hirelings, upon all Public Occaſions ſaluting the Monarch with repeated Hiſſes, Execrations, and Reproach? How comes it that the enraged Populace preſume even to ſpit in the Face of Majeſty? Let the haughty, ſelf-willed, cruel, and unfeeling Prince, who is moſt deſervedly held in ſuch Contempt, thank the traiterous Authors and Abetters of his *vile Principles*, and *viler Actions*, for his preſent *Infamy*, and future *Sufferings*. By them he has, perhaps, been taught to ſlight, and he is weak enough to ſhow that he ſlights, the Senſe of his People. He has, perhaps, been led to collect it from the ſycophantic Addreſſes of a corrupt and deteſtable Majority of a rotten Houſe of Commons. Can human Ears be deaf to the public Voice, crying even in the Streets, and hallowing out the Subſtance of the Remonſtrances and Petitions of the firſt City in the Kingdom? Has not ſuch a King been dangerouſly adviſed, to look upon the Bulk of this Nation as Mob? Has he not been adviſed by Traytors, who tremble for themſelves, (ſhould real Grievances be redreſſed) not only to reject, but deride the Petitions of the Subject? Do ſuch Adviſers counſel upon Revolution Principles? Does their deluded Sovereign hold his Crown upon any other?—I grow warm—but ſhould ſuch an ideal King (ſuch a royal Log) as I have here fancifully deſcribed, ever Reign over a Free People, by what greater Curſe can they be viſitited? May

not

not such a King be truly said to be given them by Heaven *in it's Wrath*?—But I must proceed to delineate further, this Monster of my Brain, under whom every Evil and Oppression of bad Government would be severely felt. Among others, the heaviest and most enormous Taxes would not be the least. These too would be considerably increased by various and ingenious Modes of Profusion and Corruption. Without these endless and unconscionable Exactions, royal Prodigality, and childish Fondness for Toys and Superfluities, could not be gratified. Nay, the rapid Course of Despotism itself (the sole Aim and End of such a Government) must stop. Profligacy, and Poverty, Rapacity and wicked Policy, will oblige a King, who governs by such vile Acts, to drain the Vitals of his Kingdom by grievous and superfluous *Taxes*. His own insatiable Appetites must be gratified, and the craving Mouths of his Dependants and Accomplices must be filled.

CASCA.

[To be continued, and addressed to the present PIOUS King.]

Printed and published for the Authors, by T. W. Shaw, in Fleet Street, opposite *Anderton's Coffee House*, where Letters to the Publisher will be thankfully received.